Recommends That Women Be Called Miss or Mrs. and That They Have Regular Hours In Suops and That in Private Houses recternal question of female service in mehold has once more attracted the on of a woman writer who has a theory subject that is original, whatever er qualities may be. It is a radical of reform, which may be accounted a measure by the fact that it originated egland, where the matter of domestic sermark on malicated than it is to-day in onery. Intimation of this condition had had year when an effort was made data here a number of servants to supply endon demand, and this attempt revealed same time an existing scarcity here which mer been brought into notice before. It shock to the well-established belief in I denoy of English servants to learn that core so senree as to make it necessars

there in the hope of finding recruits for one market. American housekeepers ways believed that the servant question agiand presented no complications. Well ed satisfied and accustomed to regard was a duty, they were looked upon as matry like the United States, where we in caste are unknown, the servant

a was nigeb more involved. The feel he servant is as good as the master reserved to have some Take in distroying the kind of efficiency ed to exist on every side in England sharn women form a very small pro of the servants employed here, and this always been taken as a sort of corrob the theory that national institutions a do with destroying the qualities led in good servants. The existence some difficulties in England gave that shock The foreign-born servants of here were thought to acquire here days about their independence that soot ed their inherent fitness to work in the American girls in service are found in the country districts, where in farmones and establishments of equally modappear they are treated more or less as it longed to the family. They have been and more or less capable there and to some the rules suggested recently in school as likely to help forward a solution

lost of the native born girls who must supthemselves and would be expected to take domestic service if they lived in any other nuntry than the United States, prefer to work is or stores. They are presumed to find re an independence that compensates them ir the smaller pay and harder work. A well of waitress always gets in New York from is to \$20 a month and of course is under no expense for living. So her wages really amoun more than those of a shop girl whose pay is a week. A cook, and not the most expeneve cook by any means, can' readily comand in a first-class home as it would be degribed in the servants' agencies, from \$25 to to a month. This pay is not, of course, equa a sularies paid to the best of the women loved in the largest department stores, a women particularly when the comfort of living to be found in the houses of the families that pay these wages be taken into But the attraction of employment in the shops is becoming greater every year for the foreign-born women, from whom the domestic class used to be recruited as well as from the natives. There is, of course, less inclination to take employment in smaller families that hire only one servant and it is there that the suffering from the inefficiency of maids is felt most seriously.

One attempt to overcome the difficulties of or service in this quarter has been made recently in a modest way. An association of men influenced wholly by the benevolence of the scheme have taken an office which supplies trained servants for a limited time every They live in their own homes and will to their employers for as small a period of ime as two hours. Only capable women are aided by the society, which investigates the capacity of its servants before they are sent out to work. This plan, it might be observed is also in the general direction of the prop London reformation which has been urged.

Before this latest English scheme was suggested the training of poor girls to take places domestic servants was begun in certain ondon schools. That effort seems to have been successful, to judge from the demand the women who have been prepared there A recent report on the work by a teacher deputed to investigate the work has been made. The women are in demand and retain their places. Sometimes the girls are ready to go into service at the age of 16, having begun their work of preparation two years before. The pupils of these Poor Law schools all come from material that would be thought most unpromising. In some of the schools six months' practical training is given to the girls, as they are put into the storerooms with the matrons and later serve an apprenticeship in the kitchen and laundry and receive practice as parlor maids. In one school where seventy teachers are housed all the work is done by the pupils under the care of efficient teachers, and no muthry has ever each teacher they have passed 25, and some of the most successful of the servants taught in the schools began at this age. More than one thousand trained servants are turned out every year by the schools. Of these 70 per cent are looked upon as satisfactory servants, while so is are still in need of certain training that they receive after they have gone into actual service, and care is taken to see that these set into the kind of families likely to continue the work of preparation nearly completed. Some of the schools confine themselves to certain special kinds of training and have succeeded particularly with the work of training the pupils to act as children's nurses. In spite of the success of the scheme the supply inadequate to the demand for good servants in Londab.

Heference has already been made in The Sirx to the scheme proposed in an English magazine by a woman writer, who says: "It is clear to all our heads of households that we are on the brink of a revolution in our daily lives, ewing to the scheme proposed for an english magazine by a woman writer, who says: "It is clear to all our heads of households that we are not the brink of a revolution in our daily lives, eving to the work of domestic service is never ending, degrading in a measure to its victims when they have to wear o recent report on the work by a teacher deputed to investigate the work has been made. The

discremedies are the abolition of the discrement," and many New Yorkers can be used to the objection to that title that prevails "Don't call me a servant. I'm no serim objects a particularly impertinent who had passed fifty. "I'm a girl." None hem objects to "hired girl" or merely "girl," servant "is likely to cause a storm, howevell trained its hearers may be. She ammends fixed hours for every servant the adoption of the prefix "Miss" before tame of the servant addressed, in order she may feel no more humiliated than the man who works in a shop. These are some he more important means of avoiding the flution which the writer anticipates. Six reporter asked a woman, who has controlled one of the most successful likence offices in the city, her opinion of cof the reforms that this writer is struggling and what the result of their improvement hat he if they accomplished any good. don't know what the ultimate effect of e measures might be," she said, "and I certain that it will be a long time before any hem could ever be tried here, I am straid a new generation of servants would have trow un before they could ever be put into clice. I am sure that there is not a single ant on my books now who would not be ed to death at the suggestion that she was ecalled Miss every time she was addressed, could take any servant some time to get istoried to it, and I would feel sorry then any family that experimented with such form can't it had been very generally ited with would continue to embarrass accused with a deen would have to be just as carefully side a she would ensure the state of affairs this would create until it had been every-re a adopted. There is complaint enough over the impertinence of butlers. About a work he arranged. Servants in a house toward to be a rranged. Servants in a house toward to be there for breakfast and also

for dinner. A cook, for instance, is engaged particularly for that purpose. In a family that had two cooks or a large force of servants it might be possible to let a certain number of them go at fixed hours. But these methods of reform are just the kind that do not apply to places where several servants are employed. It seems to me that this writer had in mind households that keep only one servant. They are the kind that suffer most and the only kind in which it would ever be possible to try the plan of calling the servants 'Miss' and letting them go about wearing any color of dress they please. I have never known of servants objecting to the black dress that is imposed on so many of them, although I know that they do usually object to the cap. But that has gone out of style now in many houses. Some of them do not like to brush their hair back, as they are generally compelled to do, but they object to nothing so much, as a rule, as to being called 'servants.' They are rarely addressed by their employers in that way and they are not often subjected to that disagreeable experience. Most of them have nearly a whole day out every two weeks, and they are able, in a house where several are employed, to get out more frequently than that. There are very few of the best class of servants who live at home and go every day to their work. The possession of their own home is nothing to them so long as they are compelled to leave it early in the morning and not return until after night. The rules which are suggested for reforming the servant's lot night work very well in England. But I am perfectly certain that they would never do here for at leax another generation. And nobody would object to them any more than the servants themselves."

MRS. MULDUON'S HUSBAND MIKE.

With Him Dead and His Girl Crying at His Wife Just Imagine Her Feelings. "Arrah good mornin' t' ye. Mrs. Brannigan

but phwhere have y' been this toime back Shure y' do be hearin' uv me Mickey doyin an' pwhy did y' no come t' th' funeral? Y nivir hird? Arrah, Mrs. Brannigan, sorra t day i'r me, mam, th' good Lord bechune me an' ail harrum, pwhin me ould man died, an lift me wid t'ree small childer. Lie wuz a good man, so he wuz, an' pwhin y' fin' a man good ' his childer, shure ye fin' a man good t' his family. Whist, Mrs. Brannigan, but he had h' divil in him. Shure he waz a rig'ler divil, th' Lord bechune him an' all harrum, may his soul rist in p'ace, say 1. He was not a bad man, jist full ov fun. Be wuz all th' toime playin a joke an' havin' a lark. Shure it's y'rsel' that knows it.

"Will now, Mrs. Brannigan, jist listen. know, mam, wan night what does I do, but I thinks, thinks I, I'll go an' meet me ould man So I puts on me clane wrapper, puts th' baby in th' kerridge, an' wid th' other two hanging on me skirts, I whalks out t' meet him. As whint along rollin' th' kerridge, who sh'ud spy but me laddybuck thalkin' t'a young gurrul. wondered who she be. I dunno, an' hurried as fasht as I cud t' meet thim. But me ould man spied me, an' tippin' his hat t' th' gurrul, he ran up t' me. I sez, sez I, t' me Mickey. 'An' who th' divil is that y' were talkin' to. Moike?' He jist laughed an' joked, an' sez see he: 'Oh, th' gurrul is goin' wid a fri'nd ov mine. This fri'nd an' I go t' worruk iv'ry mawnin' an' sometoimes she whalks down

"I joked about th' gurrul, but b'lave me, mam, he had a quick answer f'r me iv'ry toime. didn't think onny more about th' gurrul, but th' nixt noight I ser t' mesel'. 'Shure I'll go an' meet me ould man. I sez t' mesel',
'Mrs. Muldoon, wuman, take th' other side uv
th' strate this av'nin', thin if y'r laddybuck
is ongywhere he won't be seein' ye. So I
does th' viry same, marn, but as I whalks along
who does I see but th' ould man, an', b'lave
me, mam, but he wuz thalkin' an' jokin' wid
th' same gurrul. I hurries as fhast as I c'ud
Mrs. Brannigan, but th' divil wuz in him, f'r
he saw me. Phwin he mit me, I sez; 'Is this
y'r frind's fri'nd, I sez. 'Shure, an o'ud,
he not meet her as will as you?' Arrah, he
wuz a cifp, Mrs. Brannigan, 'Is it news y'r
afther?' he sez. Divil th' bit uv harrum wuz
in him, y' know; divil th' bit. 'Is it news y'r
afther?' he be axin.' 'Didn't I tell ye,' he sez,
'that it's me fri'nd's gurrul? Shure she do be
sthoppin' me in th' strate, an' axin' about her
feller. Phwin th' neighbors do be comin
up thot noight, Mrs. Brannigan, I tould about
th' gurrul, but me Mickey passed it off as a joke.
Shure he wuz a divil f'r havin' fun. Not a bit
ov harrum in him y' know, Mrs. Brannigan,
divil th' bit.

"Will man, me Molke tuk sick, wid th' gasgo an' meet me ould man.' I sez t' mesel',

th' gurrul, but me Mickey passed it off as a joke Shure he wuz a divil f'r havin' fun. Not a bit ov harrum in him y' know. Mrs. Brannigan: divil th' bit.

"Will, man, me Moike tuk sick, wid th' gastheritis th' docther said, mam. whativer that be, I dunno. Pwhin he doied, mam, me peor neart wuz broke, so it wuz. Shure it wuz thin that th' neighbors were koind t'me. They sat wid me an' iwuz y'rei' that I missed entoirely. Th' sleind noight uv th' wake, mam, phwin all th' neighbors were in th' house, an we wuz tillin' stories about me poor Moike, th' dure opened an' in whalks a gurrul. I tuk no notice uv th' cratchure, but all uv a suddint we hird a boohoo! that wud wake th' dead. Jist 'magine me feelin's, mum. I gijs up fr'm th' stool an' whalks over t' th' coffin pwhere me poor Moike wuz layin' t' luk at th' gurrul, an' she lits anither boohoo that wud bate onny banshee y' iver hird, Mrs. Brannigan. How bad y' feel, 'sez I. Divil th' bit she heerd me, f'r she wuz roarin' loike a buil. 'Arrah now, i' ser, 'pwhere d've feel th' wurst' an' wid that, Mrs. Brannigan, I give th' gurrul a shove thot nearly sint her on her head, an' thin achusla, she hird an' seed me. I nearly fill dead beside me poor Moike, Mrs. Brannigan, mann! Shure an' wuzn't it th' dariint gurrul thot Mickey had been thalkin' to! She lit anither boohoo, an' thin sez I. 'See here, me folne lady, d'ye know Mickey is a married man?'

"Will, now, Mrs. Brannigan, mann! I wish y' cud have seen th' way she flounced out ov th' room. Th' neighbors all laughed, an' so I did mesel', f'r its mesel' that knows, Mrs. Brannigan, don't loike t' hear about un me Mickey. Divil th' bit, mann, shure don't l know it. He wuz fond uv his joke, so he wuz, in me Mickey in Mrs. Brannigan, Shure, win, shure he didn't see me. Divil th' bit I'm thinkin' did he be wantin' t' see me. It's mesel' that has it in f'r him, this same laddybuck. But nivir a worrud now, Mrs. Brannigan. Shure y'know there wuz no harrum in me man. Divil th' bit, but y's me me now, Mrs. Brannigan, but I m

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Season in the West Opens on Sept. 1 and Many Sportsmen Are Headed That Way.

St. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 20.-Several parties of prairie chicken and quall hunters who go to the stubble fields in private cars, with all of the comforts of home, have passed through St. Paul during the week, impatient to be on the ground at the opening of the season. One of these parties was headed by President Smith of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. A deputy same warden sought to collect a non resident hunter's fee of \$25, but as Mr. Smith is a land owner of North Dakota he demurred. Then some of the corporation-hating farmer sought to secure Mr. Smith's arrest for alleged trespass. As no damage had been done in tramping over the stubble fields, and no chick ens had been shot, President Smith held out against this complaint, though the deputy game warden offered to square the matter for \$25. Pailing to comply with these demands, the warden obtained a warrant and placed Mr. smith under arrest, but the case was dismissed.

the warden obtained a warrant and placed Mr. smith under arrest, but the case was dismissed.

Sept. I is the opening day of the season in Munesota and the arrivals from the East at present are composed mostly of men with guns and dogs. There is, however, no necessity of rushing here in fear that the gaine will soon be gone. Chickens, quail and ducks in Minnesota are as thick as mosquitoes. Especially is this true of young ducks that have been bred in the Minnesota lakes. Two, four, six or eight weeks will find better hunting of quail will then be bunched and chickens will be coming into the timber near the lakes. However, in the stubble fields the sport will be good during the first two weeks. It will not require a crack shot to get chickens.

This season many women are joining the sport of shooting over the dogs. Minnesota boasts of some very good shots among the women. St. Paul is the great rendersous for hunters. Every train brings them from the East, and among the number are many Englishmen, who, of course, generally head for the Northwest, where they are more at home among the stubble fields of Manitoba and the British Northwest Territory. From St. Paul a hundred routes may be chosen, though good shooting is to be found within 50 to 100 miles of the city. While Minnesota furnishes sport for many who cannot afford the time or expense involved in a trip to the far Northwest, the Dakotas are the objective point of the majority. This year the birds will not move about much for the reason that the short crop of straw has left thousands of bushels of wheat scattered on the ground. About all the hunter will have to do will be to go into the fields and shoot his birds as he might do in a farm yard.

is difficult to find in a large city. Such pirces, though, a c to be ound advertised to the Sun under "Select Board."—Adv.

DOBLEY GIVES A CLAMBAKE. UNDERTAKES TO COOK IT HIMSELS

BUT SCORES ANOTHER FAILURE. Forgets to Pat Potatoes in With the Othe Situation-Viands Only Haif Done, but the Hotel Cook Helps Dobley Out of a Bad Hole.

Mrs. Dobley wrinkled her brows over a cable lessage. "Cousin Leila will arrive in town from the Exposition next week," she said, "and will come here for a few days before she goes on to Baltimore. We must try to devise some pleasant summer entertainment for her while she is plan a pleasant al fresco dinner in the country

here. You must help me out. It is so difficult to think of anything in summer time. Indoor amusements are tiresome. I wish we could "I never like those al fresco dinners," said Dobley. "They invariably mean custard pie with ants on top and caterpillars chasseeing

among the sandwiches." "I don't mean anything like that," said Mrs. Dobley: "I don't propose to give a Sunday school plenic or a fresh air outing. I want something novel and unique---

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Dobley "Let us give a clambake! "How ridiculous," said Mrs. Dobley.

thought only chowder clubs had clambakes. "The clambake," said Dobley seriously, "has displaced the pink tea and the dinner dance as a social function. It is the only correct form of summer entertainment. "It would surprise Leila," said Mrs. Dobley, smiling delightedly

"It would more than surprise her," said Dob-"It will interest, and amuse and educate her. Besides, after the Exposition, Leila will probably need a little cheering up. We'll have a small party-just about six. I know a place at Primroseville-on-the-Sound where they make a specialty of serving clambakes, and to make more interesting. I'll do the cooking myself.

Mr. Dobley gazed directly at his wife as though hurt by her emphasis. "That's what I said," he remarked calmly. "But you don't know how to cook a clambake,

said Mrs. Dobley. "It takes the experience of years to learn how to prepare them properly." That is where you fall into a great but un-

fortunately widespread error," said Mr. Dobley. There is a prevalent notion that a clambake is difficult accomplishment. In reality it is the least complicated form of cookery. It is almost primeval in its simplicity. There are no pans, to ovens, none of the intricate processes not unobtainable materials necessary that make the ordinary course dinner so difficult to cook." "But at least it requires practice," said Mrs. Dobley. "You have never cooked even one."

"But I have seen them cooked. The fact is, hey cook themselves. The architecture of the clambake is the important thing, and then the proper timing of the fire. It is most fascinating o watch the preparations for the feast. It is like the erection of a Druid altar. This will make it enjoyable for our guests. I will arrange for getting the necessary materials, and you might send out a few informal notes of invitation.

Mrs. Dobley took up a card from the desk and wrote a few lines on it. "I don't know the regulation form for clambakes," she said; 'how will this do? 'Mr. and Mrs. Dobley want you to favor them with your presence at a clambake at Primrose Inn. Primroseville-on-the Sound, on Saturday afternoon.

"I think you might add: 'Mr. Dobley will personally act as chef; in the left-hand corner, ust as you might say 'Dancing at 10,' suggested Dobley. "I don't know about that. It might keep them

way. You remember the chafing dish exploded the last blazer party we gave. That came through the mistake of getting a pottle of naphtha in place of alcohol," said

Dobley. "Why revert to an accidental episode of that sort?" "I was only thinking," said Mrs. Dobley, that Mr. Freshingtom said we should enclose an accident insurance policy with every invita-

ion when you were to be the cook." "Ha! ha! ha! laughed Mr. Dobley; "that was me of Freshington's jokes. The fact is, the old chap is a bit put out because he can't cook himself. He's got a beautiful chafing dish, but he

uses it to keep his collars in. "Then I shall send the invitations in this

"It seems just a trifle too formal to me," said write the cards and I'll add on the corner each: 'Come on over. Dobley.' " "If you are quite sure you can make it a suc-

ess," began Mrs. Dobley hesitatingly. "Just leave that to me," said Dobley So it was that the invitations were sent out and the Primroseville Inn chartered for the day. Dobiey was up to his eyes in marketing for a few days, and finally he confided to Mrs. Dobley that he had ordered the following

Ten dozen clama.
One dozen lobstera.
One dozen spring chickens.
One dozen bluefish.
One dozen lemons.
One dozen lemons.
One bushel sweet potatoes.
One dozen cantaloupes.

One dozen lemons.

One dozen ears corn.

One bushel sweet potatoes.

"They are to be sent up to Primroseville in barrels on Saturday morning," he said. "The chickens are to be killed for the occasion and the fish and lobster caught specially for us. Rhode Island will no longer hold the clambake record when this one has been served.

"It seems like a large amount for only six people, doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"You always must have more than you need at a clambake," said Dobley. "It is one of the rules of the game. Besides it never seems like a large amount when it is cooked. Then I have ordered a cartload of sea weed and a ton of cobblextones and a load of wood."

"Do you really need all that?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "And yet you say it is simple. It sounds to me as though you were going to lay the foundation for a house.

"The last materials are for the oven," said Dobley. "And yet you were going to lay the foundation for a house.

"The last materials are for the oven," said Dobley. "I shall go up to-morrow and arrange to have the necessary excavation made. It is an interesting process. I had boped that we might build the oven on the afternoon of our clambake, but I find it must be done in advance. Everything depends upon the proper building of the oven.

"Leils arrives to-morrow," said Mrs. Dobley, "and I shall not let her know what we are to have until we arrive at Primroseville."

The day of the clambake was a memorable one and all the guests were there. The Van Rippers had come in from the seashorte to do honor to the occasion, and Mr. Freshington was jubilant over the prospect of seeing his friend Dobley acting as cook. Dobley was nervous but enthusiastic. He showed them the oven that had been built in a hollowed-out space with the round stones, and as the fire was carefully laid he explained the process to his interested guests.

"This wood when ignited." he said. "will make a blase so strong that the stenes become white hot. Then the embers are cleared away, the stones cleaned and the seaweed and the

if you are going to make a stump speech over the thing?

You have peculiarly narrow-minded ideas, Freshington, said Dobley as he ignited the fire, but you will regret your words when you have partaken of the bake.

Well, I hope it's not loaded this time, said Freshington. It thought it would be safer for us to get some distance off and look at you through field glasses while you were giving the performance.

through field glasses while you are performance."

As the fire blazed up the heat became so intense that the party gradually withdrew fur ther and further from the pile. Dobley had donned a cap and apron and although perspiring violently he kept to his post valiantly. Freshington had secured a megaphone through which he shouted encouragement to his friend, and the ladies amused themselves by gathering golden rod.

which he shouled encouragement to his friend, and the ladies amused themselves by gathering golden rod.

When they saw the ashes and embers being swept away they ventured to approach and examine the crematory, as Mr. Van Ripper christened Dobley's oven. The seaweed and the various foods to be used were being brought across the lawn and some interest was aroused in the guests by the novel arrangement that their host was explaining to them.

The colored waiters smiled encouragingly

what doubtfully.

"First," said Dobley, as though he were beginning a lecture with a practical illustration.

"we place a layer of wet seaweed. The stones are now at a fierce heat."

He was leaning forward to adjust the seaweed when he suddenly lost his balance and plunged forward headlong into the already steaming mass. The ladies screamed as Dobley was hauled out with some difficulty by the waiters. Freshington and Van Ripper, each man in his excitement pulling Dobley in a different direction.

"A narrow escape!" ejaculated Dobley thankfully as he gained his footbold once more and readjusted his clothing. "It's like failing in a cauldron of boiling oil. I had just begun to sizzle."

"I was going to put on another days of sea."

to sizzle."
"I was going to put on another tayer of seaweed," said Van Ripper. "I thought it was all a part of the bill of fare."
"Now the clams," said Dobley, giving directions to his assistants," then seaweed.

"Now the clams," said Dobley, giving directions to his assistants," then seawed, then the lobsters, more sea weed, more clams, the chickens, the bluefish—be quick about it."
"Don't you want these chickens and the fish cleaned first?" asked one of the waiters.
"Quite five!" said Dobley. "I had forgotten about that."
"These you for reminding him." said Fresh.

about that."
"Thank you for reminding him," said Freshington to the waiter.
Gradually the pile grew, Dobley working energeti-ally and refusing to allow any one to aid him in his task.
"You know the old adage about too many ecoks," he cried gaily to Mr. Freshington, waving his spoon in the air.
"Sometime's one is enough, said Freshington.

ton.
"It's going to be a mighty fine bake," said a
waiter who was gazing with a smile at the waiter who was gazing with a sinue at the hear.

"Thank you, my man," said Dobley, "I shall always remember your encouraging words, What may your name be?"

"My name, sah, is Kawffee, my sistah 's the cook here. She's a fine cook, sah,"

"I suprose your sister's name is Tea," suggested Mr. Freshington inanely.

"No, sah, My sistah's name is Koko," answered the darkey while Dobley laughed heartily at Freshin tru's discomforture.

"The appetizing stemm is now beginning to arise," said Dobley as the first thin shoke rose from the tarpaulin sheet fastened over the mass.

arise," said Dobley as the first thin smoke rose from the tarpaulin sheet fastened over the mass. "How do you know when it is done?" asked Cousin Leila. "I'm so hungry!"
"A very simple little test," said Dobley. "You take a potte from the fire and throw it on the ground. If it breaks the bake is done."
"How wonderful it all is," said Mrs. Van Rioper, "and how we shall enjoy it. I do hope it turns out right!"
"Suppose it shouldn't?" suggested Freshington.

ton.

Mrs. Dobley regarded her husband proudly
"Mr Dobley has studied the chemistry of the
process," she said "He understands it thoroughly."

oughly."

All the guests sniffed appreciatively as Dobley rlunged a long-handled fork through the pile, lifting the sail cloth to do so.

"Now for the postate!" he exclaimed, withdrawing the fork dextrously. A small chicken

drawl of the fork dextrously. A small entered was impaled on its end.

"The rotato belt is about two feet lower, ald man," said Freshington, "At least it ought to be if roc've built right."

Diblationing the fork through the smok-fur sayweed again. This time he brought forth --- are the notatoes any how?" exclaimed

Rimer. I don't recollect seeing and."
reat Scott," said Dobley, "we've forgotten "How can we tell when it's done?" asked Lella. "It seems to me it ought to have been done long ago."
"Don't rou seem to hear something crack-ling?" asked Mrs. Dobler. "Do they ever entabling." That is the popular open of the clams and Dobler looking at his watch. This bake will be read; in exactly four minutes. Be partially the control of the clams and the clams are the clams and the clams are the clam

will be read: in exactly four minutes. Be patient."

Mr. Kawffee and his assistant began to remove the cloth from the pile. Hot dishes were brought from the Inn and placed in readiness. The corn was brought out steaming redolently. The hinefish looked sickly and gray. The chickens were pale and sad. The lobsters were half green and half red. The clams were all wide open and shrivelled up. The party looked hungrily at the viends. "They look decidedly queer," said Cousin Isila to Mrs. Van Ripper.

"What can be the matter?" said Mrs. Dobley. "Another of Dobley's experiments," said Freshington.

"Another of Dobley's experiments." said Freshington.

"The question is can we get anything to eat?" asked Van Ripper.

"We haven't tasted anything yet." said Mr. Dobley. "They only look a little bit raw." Yes, that's all," said Freshington and Van Ripper in duet. The ladies sighed and sniffed.

"I tell you what I'll do," suggested Mr. Kawfee. "Youh jees" wait half a minute and I'll take these things all up to the hotel and Koko will finish them up foh yuh on the range. Koko is a great hand at finishin' up a clambake. An' she rather expected these things mightn't get done so she has a good fish ready." "There is no cloud," said Dobley as he resigned the fork to Mr. Kawfee and took off his cap and apron with a sigh. "but has its silver lining." It's always darkest just before the dawn," and Koko." and Van Ripper looking up."

said Freshington:
"And Koko," said Van Ripper looking up at the plazza where a colored woman wearing a bandanna turban stood smiling broadly upon the party, "is as dark as they come."

Blacks in Africa Very Rarely Offend Against

KAFFIRS AND WHITE WOMEN

the Women of the White Settlers. Kaffir at Johannesburg was convicted a faw days ago of the crime of assaulting a Boer

woman. The sentence was confirmed by Gen. Lord Roberts and the man was shot. It is to the credit of the Kaffirs that there is seldom any reason to complain of their behavior toward the white women of South Africa. The clacks of that region outnumber the whites five

to one, but in all the years of the white occupancy the men of the native tribes have been conspicuously free from crimes against white women. This fact is all the more noteworthy because the blacks have frequently been at war with the whites, and they are also in overwhelming numbers in places where there are very few white settlers. It is also remarkable that there are so few crimes of this nature in view of the fact that the blacks are very bad s treated in most of South Africa.

At the Pan-African Congress in London last month several of the speakers told of the hard-ships and humiliation inflicted upon the blacks by the white races in South Africa. In many of he towns they are not allowed to walk on the idewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter post offices by the doors used by the whites, but special entrances are reserved for them. The Boers show the least consideration them. The Boers show the least consideration for the blacks of all the white races. The Boer farmer regards the nearo as nothing but a beast of burden. The black man is not permitted, in the Transvaal, to own land nor even to be atlarge without a pass. The intelligence and character of some of the natives have lifted them considerably above their fellows and enabled them to acquire some wealth; this fact, however, makes no difference with their social position as far as most of the whites are concern d. One and all, they must travel in parts of the railroad trains which, as one of the speakers expressed it, "are more fit for beats than men. The franchiae, thus far, has been wholly out of the question for any of the blacks in that most civilized part of Africa. Mr. G. W. Christian declared that in Rhodesia the nearo is compelled to work without adequate pay and that the chiefs are forced to find gangs of blacks for the gold mines, where they work for many months at the absolute mercy of white overseers.

This is a fairly accurate though gloomy statement of the rosition of that part of the millions of blacks who come most into relations with the dominant though numerically inferior white population. On the other hand, it may be said that the tribes of South Africa on the whole, are not yet nearly so far advanced in civilization as the nearces of this country. Their efficiency as laborers, on an average, is considerably below that of our Southern negroes. After they have earned a little money, most of them wish to go home and remain in idleness till their cash is spent. So it happens that the labor question is a serious one in South Africa and many Indian ceolles are imported to do work which the whites would gladly have the Kamirs do if they were, as yet, develored so far as to be more reliable and industrious. for the blacks of all the white races. The Boer

A Whalebone Arbor. From the Baltimore Sun.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 24.-Capt. John . Devereaux has refused a cash offer of \$300 for the jaw bone of a whale which was killed in the harbor here about fourteen years ago. The jaws measure twelve feet each, and just now they are used as a grand entrance to a summer house on Sullivan's Island made en-tirely of the bones from the whale. The house is prettily arranged and the vines which cover

is prettily arranged and the vines which cover it give it a most handsome appearance. Tea was served in this little house the other afternoon and the fact was brought out then that Capt. Devereaux had just refused the offer for the bones.

The whale was considered the largest of its kind that ever drifted to southern waters.

Capt. Devereaux is the supervising architect for the Government at Charleston and it was his idea to build the arbor with the most artistic effect. Back of the main entrance the ribs have been put up as a covering and a support for the vines, and the large bone of the whale's ta'l is used how as the throne seat in the arbor.

The bones are thoroughly bleached and superstitious negroes who have to pass that portion of the island on moonlight nights go by at a double speed. There is a seating capacity for twenty-five persons in the whale house.

her husband keeping bachelor's hall she had taken the steamboat without sending word ahead to expect her. As the boat reached the wharf bright and early the was able to get ov home just about breakfast time and long befor Mr. Singletary had set out for the office As the parlor windows and the front door were boarded up she rang the bell at the basement door. Her husband let her in and, at the same time, let out a strong smell of cooking. which seemed to cling about his c'o'hing. "Just in time," he said, "I'm just cooking

breakfast. I've got some salt mackerel on to

roil; best thing in the world for a summer breakfast when you don't feel ov rly much like eating. If you don't care for that there's eggs. hey have been here one time, but I guess they're all right yet. I can fry you a couple you prefer. I've rather given them up myself there's a place on the frying pan about as big around as a dollar where they stick every tim and I have to peel them off with the blade of knife. Perhaps you'd bette- have them boiled: there's no danger of their borning then. W. I. how are you? And what's brought you in now Excuse me a moment, there's the coffee boiling over and that does make such a mess on a ga range. Take off your things, and I'll have som brakfast for you in just about threeshakes. But Mrs. Singletary was not to be put off s Drawing her finger once down the table and finding that it left the streak which she ; roba

bly expected as a witness to her husband's housekeeping, she spread out a paper and or that laid her hat and wraps to protect then against the dust. Then she follow d Mr. Singletary out into the kitchen in time to see him pouring cold water into the coffee pot to stor from boiling over. That this had been n unusual occurrence was made manifest by the gritty accumu'ation on the lacquered top of th gas range and a wide brown stain on the oil e oth of the floor.

"Now, you don't have to do a thing," said the busy head of the household. "It will be pleasure to get you your breakfast. After all, I guess you had better have those eggs boil of There's the place on the pan where they stic and a fried egg's no good at all if you can't ge it off the pan whole.

"John Henry," said Mrs. Singletary, holding the frying pan by the very tip end of the handle and gazing ruefully at it, "what on earth d you do with the grease after you have fried hings in this pan? Do you never clean it?"
"Clean it?" replied the chaf. "I should say

did, every time I use it. I just pour off all the ard down the sink and then I put the pan over the fire upside down and burn it off. That's the only way to clean a massy pot like that , the fire akes off all the grease, you know, and all the mourties. It's the way we do at camp, and theoretically there isn't any better way.

"Why, you absurd man," replied his wife That pan will be good for nothing unt 1 it has

"That pan will be good for nothing ant lit has been thoroughly sooured with tath brick. No wonder the eggs stick, it's all caked with soot. When did you get the eggs."

"The eggs-nowlet me see, I can tell you in a moment," replied the hous keeper. "When you went away there were six or eight eggs left and they went very fas", for you see I had soot of lost the hang of neeling an egg so's to get the yolk out whole, and if you don't do that you can't fry them and have them any good. I must have used them up the first day. Any you can't fry them and have them any good. I must have used them up the first day. Any way, I went around to several grocers and priced eggs. When I got the hest price I cou d find in the neighborhood I bought a supply. You see when you buy eggs by the dozen you have to pay too rat s. But I got a gross and they came very reasonable that way. You'll find a whole lot of them yet in the pantry. Now, I remember, I bought those eggs the second day after you left.

"You needn't bother to cook me any eggs," was Mrs. Singletary's only comment. "There's enough of that mackerel for both of us, and really I do not care for much more than a cup of coffee."

"All right," said her husband. "Just rum-

"All right," said her husband. "Just rummage in the bread tin and see if there are any relisteft. I got some a few days ago, and I don't believe the 're all gone. While you are about that I'll set the taile. As a general thing I have not gone in for such lugs, mostly I have eat non the tubs, it's closer to the sove and no bother to clear up. There we are, breakfast's ready and I hope you've brought your appetite along with you."

"Isn't that mackerel too salt?" asked Mrs. Singletary when she had found enough clean dishest to serve for two and had begun this de-

bother to clear up. There we are, is ready and I hope you've brought your appetite sleng with you." That that mackerel too sait?" asked Mrs. Singletary why she had found enough clean dishes to serve for two and had begun this dec dedly picnic meal.

"That's nothing to what it was until the grocer put me up to the right dodg! to freshen it' replied the amateur housekeeper." He told me to let it soak over night in fresh water, that's what he said when I went around and kloked because it was too salt and I wanted him to ta're the whole kit back. But soaking over night doesn't seem quite long enough, so every norning I nut it into the dishpan and let it soak for twenty-four tours straight. You look in that pan there and you'll find no-morrow morning's breakfast garting ready." "No wonder the fish is sait," said his wife "You've set it to soak upside down and all the brine settles down against the skin where it cannot get out. You should always float a mackerel skin side up if you want to make it really fresh."

"Never mind," said Mr. Singletary, "if the sait makes you thirsty there's plenty of beer in the loe chest. Thaj's what a made me so thirsty these mornings that I couldn't reach the office withou's stopping comewhere for a driek."

"You poor man. I cannot feel content that I have been in comfort while you have had to put up with all these hardships. Next summer I will not go away at all. I will stay right here with you until you can take your two weeks for vaccation. It is fortunate that breakfast is the only meal you bave had to get for yourself. That has been all, has it not?"

"Yes, that's all," replied Mr. Singletary, "Only breakfast. Except syper, but I didn't get that myself, so it doesn't count. Luncheon and dinner I get wherever happen to be—down at the —-restaurant, you know; any old restaurant which happened to be nearest, and I've sort of circulated among them all. But about those supers that I started to tell you of. Doubleday is keeping bachelor's hall, too, and we've been dinn't soay not dinner

sharpened wire nail for a point. Then whenever a mouse enters that circle each of us antes a dime to play. Whenever there's a mouse in the ring we shoot at him with our spears and for every miss we put a nickel in the pot. Whoever succeeds in spearing a mouse first takes the pot, unless both of us spear mice at the same time; then we make it a lacker and it costs a quarter to come in and a dime to miss. At first we missed pretty nearly all the time, but now we're getting to be sure shots. I rather suspect that Doubleday practices coasting the spear in his office. I'd like to catch him at it, for that isn't fair. Anyway it doesn't matter very much, for I'm away ahead of him. But it would fairly astonish you are birds that come into senson with the presented to the same birds that come into senson with the presented the same birds that come into senson with the presented the same time. way it doesn't matter very much, for I'm away ahead of him. But it would fairly astonish you to know how many mice we've killed."

"John Henry," said Mrs. Singletary, "how much'did you say you were ahead of Mrs. Doub-

didn't say, dear, but it's all of \$20; that's for all summer, you know."
"Now, John Henry," continued his wife, "you can see for yourself that the oileloth is ruined. If you will give me that \$20 I'll see to getting

t e new oilcloth."

You'll have enough to look after without that," was Mr. Singletary's answer. "I'll have the new oile oth laid before you come home for good and save you that trouble."

"No, John Henry, I think my way the best on many accounts. You give me that meney and I will see to replacing the o'leloth."

Mr. Singletary is aware how Mrs. Doubleday got her furs. At present he is wondering how

Mr. Singletary is aware now Mrs. Doubleds gother furs. At present he is wondering ho soon he will discover that old Doubleday aware of the manner in which Mrs. Singletar became possessed of a piece of lewelry which she had on her return to the country. Ge whiz! he immediately ejaculates, "who says a woman's afraid of a mouse?"

AN EXPERIMENT IN WORK. The College Youth as a Plumber's He'per and

a Swell Girl's Peril. A New York youth came home from college at the beginning of the vacation season with is allowance so far overdrawn that he had f rgotten when the next payment was due. His father, who was a self-made man, and en tirely out of sempathy with the obligations of his son's social position, sternly refused further advances. The paternal brand of cigars made the youth ill, and worse still, the sideboard was under strict surveillance. Under these compelling circumstances the youth retired within himself to consider ways and means. Later he emerged from his trince with a smile on his face. The difficulties of the situation had faded like the morning's mist before his brilliant in-

tellect. He would go to work. In pursuance of this highly original idea, h went to an uncle who was engaged in the profitable if somewhat plebelan plumbing business, and asked for a job. Secretly he hoped for a nice, clean corner in the office, where he might spend a few pleasant hours during the heat of the summer days, perfecting himself in higher mathematics by making out plumber's bills, without danger of soiling his cuffs or endangering his social standing; but in the herotem of his new resolve to labor for his living, he boldly asked for any old job.

of his new resolve to labor for his living, he boldly asked for any old job.

"Sorry," said the uncle, "but I haven't anything for you"—then dublously, "unless you care to go out on odd jobs as helper. You don't mind a little work, I suppose."

"Nen-no." answered the youth doubtfully, being rather uncertain about the duties and eocial rank of a plumber's helper. Still he decided to chance it.

"Weil, come around to-morrow and we'll see about it," said the uncle, with a smile that carried a sinister suggestion.

The next morning the youth silpped quietly futo the shop and hovered timidly about in the background, wondering what he might be called upon to do, yet dreading to hear his doom. Presently alarge, unshaven man, with mothing between his undershirt and jumper but a pair of suspenders, started out, telling the youth to come along. The man had a fire pot in the hand, and a whole kit of tools variously disposed about his person. While doubtless very worthy, he was not the sort of person the youth would have chosen for his companion on a stroll through the business part of the city. So the youth craftily waited and gave the man time to go half way down the block, intending to follow at a distance. But the man was in no hurry and was found lighting his pipe just outside. The youth wanted to walk ahead, or on the opposite side of the street; he even thought of sending the man on ahead in a cab, but not seeing his way dearly, he continued the promenade with his persistent companion, meanwhile keeping an eye on each side of the street; ready to boil at the first sign of a request to carry the fire pot or the sight of a familiar face.

A few blocks further on the man hailed a car and dimbed into the rear seat with all his persistent companion, meanwhile keeping an eye on each side of the street, ready to boil at the first sign of a request to carry the fire pot or the sight of a familiar face.

A few blocks further on the man hailed a car and dimbed his their owners indused in the person form the lock of the youth

ception to this arrangement. So he hissed persuasively at the back of the youth's neck across a bed of flowered hats, which evidently possessed rubber stems, for they twisted back and forward while their owners indulged in whispered comment at the peculiar actions of the plumber on the back seat and conjectures as to whom he could be signalling to so loudly. The youth was the only person on the car who did not look around. He maintained the rigid military attitude known as "eyes front," but he felt the blushes rising even above his high collar.

When they got off the car the youth was in a highly nervous condition, and already perspiring freely. He leaped off the car quickly and was half way down the block before the man's shouts apprised him of the fact that he was going in the wrong direction. Arrived at the house where a clogged kitchen sink had summoned them the man suddenly discovered that he needed a paper of chewing tobacco and departed, leaving the youth to light the firepot and clean out the trap. The youth took off his cuffs daintily and considered the problem, knowing nothing of the nature of a trap. Investigation disc't sed a small cap at the bend of a pipe that looked feasible, and he proceeded to work.

Not with standing its size the cap proved wonderfully tenacious against all attempts to remove it, and the youth battered it with a monkey-

a pipe that looked leasible, and he proceeded to work.

Notwithstanding its size the cap proved wonderfully tenacious against all attempts to remove it, and the youth battered it with a monkey-wrench until the adjoining two feet of lead pipe looked like a souvenir from the wrecked battle-ship. Maine. Moreover, the racket he made brought all the feminine members of the family, including two very pretty girls, down to the kitchen to see what the trouble was. In his right hind and attired in proper raiment the youth would have been very happy to make their acquaintance, but by this time he was grimy up to the eyebrows and their remark, "Oh, it's only the plumber," did not contribute to his peace of mind.

At this point the man reappeared and explained, from across the kitchen, that it was only necessary to twist the cap with the fingers in order to remove it, whereat the youth eyed his battered knuckles and said "Oh." This gentler treatment proved much more efficacious. The cap dropped off, immediately followed by a most appalling hiss, and a disagreeable compound of kitchen refuse in solution spilled down the youth's sleeve, but did not cool him off.

About this time the man discovered that he had not purchased the right brand of tobacco and went out again to repair his mistake, leaving the youth to clean the trap. The youth didn't chew, but he knew that tobacco didn't leave white froth on a man's mustache. The man, however, was in no hurry, and while his soldering iron was heating he made a third trip for tobacco. Whereupon the youth asked him if he imbibed tobacco from a muc, but the sarreasm didn't seem to reach him. Plainly the fellow had no sense of humor, unless it was a very subtle one, which enabled him to charge three hours' time for a fifteen-minute job, with a helrer.

When they returned to the shop late in the ference of a fifteen-minute job, with a ference of the shop late in the ference of the shop late i

subte one, which enabled him to charge three hours' time for a fifteen-minute job, with a heliver.

When they returned to the shop late in the afternoon, after having sparingly partaken of a free lunch to which the man insisted upon inviting him, the youth's uncle gave him a heavy sledge and set him to breaking up some old castings on the sidewalk. The sun was binzing hot and the position very much exposed to public gaze, but the youth was too far gone to protect. He toiled away flercely, hoping to finish the job before the noise attracted a crowd, while his uncle stood in the shade of an awning and offered suggestions. In two minutes the youth's high collar had melted and slipped down the back of his neck. The sweat was running off his nose forty drops to the minute. But try as he would his blows had no effect on the castings. He lifted the sledge high above his head for a final, superhuman effort.

"Now," said the uncle, encouragingly, "a good one."

floor, and more than cace we have practically lost all sense of time and almost sat up all high over it.

"John Henry. It isn't poker? I'm sure Mr. Doubleday is a wreiched gambler. I know he bets; dear Mrs. Doubleday is heartbroken over it. You know her elegant set of furs well, they are what he calls her rake-off on a hore be was playing with, but she says it was some sort of betting. Don't keep me in such suspense; tell me, you havn't been playing poker in my kitchen as soon as my back was turned. And I trusted you so"

"Now, little woman, do be sensible," expostulated her husband. "Two-handed poker's no sort of good, and you don't play it with a red ring on the kitchen floor. This is another thing entirely; it's re-il' a service to you, for we've caught ever somany mice, and before you know it there wont te one left upon the premises. That ring is just four feet in diameter and I borrowed a brush and a little pain! from the man on the corner and did the daubing myself. Then when old Doubleday is mixing up the rabbit every night he takes a hunk of the cheese and toasts it until it ge's good and simelly. Then we put it right in the mathematical centre of that ited circle and await developments. Before we've finished eating up the rabbit you can see the little mice dodding in and out behind every shadow and wiggling their whikers at that piece of cheese in the utmost impattence for us to quiet down and give them a show at the game. Then Doubleday sits over there on the tubs and I sit on the state, and each of us has a burseh of seears that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a that we made out of an old box cover with a t

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game birds that come into season with the present month. The squabs seem to be the most plentiful of all and are of fine flavor. At this season no hing is a more desirable addition to the menu than these small birds prepared in any of the ways that modern colleary art has devised. The housewife who is addicted to lamenting her inability to give change to the da ly bill of fare cannot complain at this season when nature has been most generous in sending the best in the way of fish and poultry and game to the stalls. In autumn the lighter foods, such as fish and game and poultry of all sorts, are more desirable than the heavy roasts, soups and entrées that come with the cold weather. Fish and birds

and salads with oysters constitute a plentiful

programme for the average human being who

will be healthfer and happier on this diet than

if rich desserts and elaborate repasts are in

dulged in. In selecting squabs the short, fat birds are best, with full, round bodies and soft legs and feet. The flesh should be pink in these young pigeons. The older ones are very dark, but at this season the baby pigeon or squab is the most desirable. They are reasonable in price now, as the birds are plentiful. Broiling is the simplest and most popular way of preparing them, the birds being singed and cleaned, the heads and feet cut off and the squabs wiped carefully with a wet cloth. They should be browned quickiy on a buttered gridtron, seasoned with pepper and salt and served with oranges sliced. They are also broiled wrapped with bacon, which is an excellent plan, especially when the birds are not very fat.

Another recipe, said to be even better, calls for their preparation in this way: Select a pair of plump birds, clean them; cut off the legs and remove the heads without breaking or tearing the neck skin. With the forefinger separate the skin over the breast from the flesh. Fill this with a nicely seasoned bread stuffing and fasten the neck to the back of the bird. Toothpick a thin slice of bacon over the breast, put the birds in a pan; dredge with flour and bake to a crisp delicate brown. Serve with water cresses and jelly.

Cold roast squab, mixed with celery and served with mayonnaise, makes a delicate salad and the birds are at their very best as a cold

Another orange salad is served in a border of cold boiled rice. Three Florida oranges are divided into their natural sections and placed in the centre of the dish; powdered sugar is sprinkled over all and the dish is put on the fee. Just before serving pour over it two wine glassfuls of arrack.

An orange sauce which is good with squabs or with wild ducks, which are also in season now, is made from the rind of Sevilla. The property of the responsibility of the season of the rind of the serving pour over it was also in season now, is made from the rind of Sevilla. The property of the responsibility of the resp

Mistaken for a Ghost.

From the Florida Times-Union and Citizeni ST. Arct STINE, Aug. 19—Aaron Bell, colored, is in jail here, and he gives a peculiar story as the cause of his trouble. Bell is a gravedigger, and while returning from his work shortly after dark Friday evening he met Nancy Gerard, a colored woman, in New Augustine. Upon meeting the woman he began to beat her, and after the scuffle that followed the woman was found to be severely cut, and it is believed that Bell used a knife. The woman's side of her story has not been heard yet, but Bell says that he came upon the woman suddenly in a dark and lonely neighborhood. She was drewed in white, and as she approached, Bell says, he thought she was a ghost, and becoming frightened he made the attack. It seemed to take him some time to discover his mistake. From the Florida Times-Union and Officent